## THE M'COOK TRIBUNE

SUPPLEMENT.

McCOOK, - - NEB

### PERSONS AND THINGS.

THE prince of Wales is president of an amateur photographical association.

BEN HOGAN, the reformed pugilist, in Virginia City, Nev., where he is holding a successful revival meeting.

GEORGE WASHINGTON, as shown in broeze on the sub-treasury steps in Wall street, has turned black in the

THE dicke of Connaught is said to be the only member of the royal family who really favors home rule for Ire-

REPRESENTATIVE LOUIS ST. MARTIN, of New Orleans, is the only creole in congress. He is a little, grizzled man

CHANG CHIN CHU, the new Chinese minister, eats with chopsticks and demands that boiled rice be served on mine plates.

Miss Van Zandt, the prima donna, has been dangerously ill, but at St. Petersburg, and not at Cannes, as has been reported.

Miss Winslow, the Boston beauty. who enjoys the honor of rivaling Miss Chamberlain in beauty, will spend the season in London.

THE venerable Louis Kossuth is now in Rome on his way to his chosen home in Turin, where, it is believed, or at all events hoped, that his sons will maintain him in comfort.

A PLATINUM wire, too fine to be seen with the naked eye, is said to have been made in Europe. It is to be used in telescopes, as a substitute for the spider's web usually employed.

WORKMAN on the Civde have been greatly irritated by the arrival of more than a hundred Germans from Bremen to finish the wood-fittings of a large steamer being built at Glasgow.

THE pope is thought to be very well off now. While deprived of much of his ancient revenue he has, on the other band, much less expense, and the fact of his not receiving his former regular revenue has led to the collection of far larger voluntary tribute to him.

ANSON K. LARMER, who died of insuries received in the Bardswell Ferry, Mass., disaster, leaves an estate of \$60,-300. By the terms of his will \$50,000 of this will go at his wife's death to trustees for the education of native American boys and girls of Greenfield,

I Do the wife of President Nott, of Union enliege, it is said that while her health permitted she made it a duty to know personally every student in each class, and she never forgot a face or a same, always recognizing an alumnus, and with the greatest animation recalling little incidents of his college days. It was her custom to invite the boys, one or two at a time, to take tea and spend an evening with her.

ANDREW D. WHITE, as the story goes, when he retired from the Berlin mission was instructed to ask Bismarck ₹ Carl Schurz would be acceptable as his successor. The German chancellor answered: "The selection would be very agreeable to us; we are proud of Schurz." Schurz declined the offered position, because he saw that as the American minister he would find himself in a delicate position as regards his political friends in Berlin, who were in vehement opposition to the govern-

A LIFE-LIKE portrait of Prince Bismarck speaking was cunningly taken during the recent important debate on the schnapps monopoly bill in the German reichstag. While the prince was arging his cause with his accustomed webemence the president of the Berlin nendemy, Herr von Werner, was smuggled in among the members and rapidly sketched Prince Bismarck in the heat of oration. Suddenly the prince caught sight of the artist, and directly he had finished his speech made straight for Herr von Werner. Various members, however, neatly button-holed Prince Bismarek on his way till the artist had safely retreated before the prince could entch him.

THE conflict between religion and secularism in France is daily growing more acute. One blow after another is struck at the church. The concordat with the Vatican is no longer respected. Every article of it has been violated, and it is likely in time to be set aside shogether. M. Jules Ferry dispersed the religious orders when the senate refissed to pass an education bill intended to eripple them. Since then the schools have been given into the charge of laymen; the nursing sisters have been hanished from most of the public hosperais; the budget of public worship has been cut down; the salaries of the clergy reduced, and even the fabries of the churches starved by pars mony. The excuse given for all this is that Christimity is hostile to the republic.

#### THAT WIFE OF MINE,

She met me at the door last night, All dainty, fresh, and smiling, And threw her plump arms round me tight In manner most beguiling. Theu, in her sweet, impulsive way, She hugged me, as she kissed me, And told me how the livelong day

She'd thought of me, and missed me.

She helped me off with coat and hat, And led me, still close-clinging, Into the dining-room, and sat Down at the table singing. The meal was perfect; fresh-cut flow'rs,

The firelight warm and rosy, Made all seem bright; swift flew the hours, And we were, O! so cozy!

Then, after dinner, she and I Sang the old songs together We used to sing in days gone by-My heart was like a feather! Our happiness made earth a Heaver And now, as I review it.

I recollect 'twas past eleven Almost before we knew it. We sat there on the sofa then, She nestling close beside me, Softly she smoothed my hair, and when I kissed her did not chide me.

She fondly pinche i my cheek, and so, Her dimpled hand upon it, She whispered: "Darling, do you know I need a new spring bonnet?"

Somerville Journal.

#### SECRET OF MY FOOTSTOOL.

My brother gave his work a final polish and then viewed the valuable articles approvingly before placing them in their softly-padded case.

"Think they look well, little wom-

"I think they do, indeed," Ianswered, in unqualified admiration, for Ted was a capital workman, and had mended the pretty trinkets very skillfully. "I am sure Mr. Bailey will be pleased. The owner herself would be puzzled to detect where she damaged them."

Ted smiled; then, as he did not intend to take them back to the shop until the return of his employer, which would not be till the morrow, he deposited both the jeweled bracelets in his customary "non-burglar-proof safe," as he jokingly called a small, strong, square box which he had fitted with lock and key, padded inside and out, and covered with chintz to match our sofa. He made use of this as a footstool, saying that evil-disposed persons would be the less likely to exabout his placing gems under my feet, and about me being a small person with a high mind, for I set my foot upon gold, and the like nonsense. Dear old Ted! He was so clever at his trade, and so trustworthy, that he had always more work than he could get through. He was very fond of mehis poor little crippled sister-would never allow me to sit too long at my needle, and shared with me in every possible way the little duties necessitated by our humble menage; so he and I jogged along very peaceably. We lodged in two rooms in a quiet street on the outskirts of Bridgepool. Our landlady was a kindly old body who had known our parents long before either Ted or I found ourselves on this world's stage.

Having put away the bracelets safely, my brother next packed up three or four watches he had been busy setting to rights, and prepared to go to the shop in Bridgepool which usually employed him. I watched him putting on his overcoat, for the day was very cold; but he seemed slow in his movements, and I thought he was reluctant generally active enough, considering my infirmity, one of my bad spells was now on me, when, as he knew, I found moving about a pain and a difficulty for some days. It happened, too, that Mrs. Brown-our landlady-nad gone out for the day-a very rare oc-

"Can I do anything else for you before I go?" he asked.

'No. Ted, dear, thank you." "Make sure; look round and see if everything is put handy for you,' said my brother, placing my crutch a little nearer.

'Everything," I replied, cheerfully. "And I've such a lot of work to get through, I shall find the afternoon

alone so long, for I may not be back before five," said Ted, eyeing me dubiously. Cousin Milly would come round if I asked her."

would hinder my work sadly. I don't like babies when I am busy. Go away, Ted, you dear old fellow! Don't bother

about me-I shall be all right.' "Well, by-by, little woman, he said, stooping to kiss me; "I'll be home as soon as I can. "And, Bessie," he added, pausing in the doorway, "be sure you don't touch the window today. The sash line snapped this morning. I must send a carpenter to

see to it. You will remember?" I promised that I would, and my brother departed. I heard him go down stairs and shut the street door. At first the unusual quiet of the house to get free, but vainly. He had tied was rather depressing; but I soon became too much engrossed in sewing to pay attention to that and stitched away busily at some things I was completing for a lady who was kind enough to praise my needlework, preferring it, as many did, to machine-

stitched articles. Presently I thought I heard a slight noise down stairs, like the opening of a window, but as all remained quiet aftnation, and went on tranquilly with

After some time I was startled to hear a step, stealthy, but distinctly audible on the landing outside, while under the door appeared the shadow

of some one moving. "Perhaps Mrs. Brown has return- distress.

sat gazing at the door; but then I turned cold with fear, for the handle turned softly, and a strange man looked in-a young man, with a pallid, greasy, leering face, ornamented by a thievish looking twist of hair on each side, while a limp cap of semi-military

cut was stuck rakishly on the side of

his head. I noticed these details mechanically as I sat petrified with surprise and fright, and I also noticed that his long dirty neck was without a tie or a collar, a shabby frock coat being button-

ed up to his chin, and that his dirtier hands sported more than one ring. This individual, after darting a swift glance around the room, slipped in

and locked the door, saying:
"Slick! Popsy-wopsy, don't be
frightened! I'm not going to hurt you
—not a bit of it! But, you see—. Stop that!" he growled; for, as he approached me, I recovered myself a little, and gave a good loud scream.

Quick as thought he had his hand over my mouth, holding my chin and nose in such a manner that I was nearly suffocated, then he gave me a shake, saying:

"If you do that again, I'll pay you out, you little fool! There—she is going to be nice and quiet now, ain't she? A picter of good behavior, Icalls

Talking thus, he gagged me dexter ously with some of my work-which, however, was pleasanter than his hand -ugh, that ugly grimy hand!-on my mouth, and then producing some cord from his pocket, and in a minute or two I was—poor feeble thing—bound hand and foot in my chair.

He grinned at me as he remarked: "Now, you know, ducky, I wouldn't have served you so if you'd have the sense to keep quiet. I never could bear to be rough to the ladies-never! But time is short, and you might have been hard to persuade; so perhaps it is the best way, after all.

While speaking thus, the flippant rascal kept running his eyes around our neat little room. I read disdain in his glance, and at that moment a suspicion darted into my mind that he had come with the object of stealing some of Ned's work-perhaps the jeweled bracelets which then were under my feet. With this thought there came to me a firm resolve to save my brother such a loss, if I possibly could; ay, even though I had to endure tortures, I would not speak. I set my teeth hard and watched the man. His wandering glances soon reverted to me.

"Look here, dear, if I loosen this eloth a bit, and you take breath, will you speak to me nicely? Only don't scream again. It makes me quite nervous to hear you scream, and can't amine it; and many a jest he had do no good." How well I knew that, in a back room in a quiet street! "There, ain't it much more comfortable?"-loosening the cloth. "Tell me that way. now, popsy, your brother's got some valuables here, ain't he?" I shook my head.

"Oh, but he has, so you needn't jog your noodle like that. Better tell me where he's put them. It will save lots of time, and be more pleasant for But I only shook my head the more.

"Did you ever see sich stubborness?" muttered the fellow, tying up my mouth again. "I am afeerd I shall have to make you speak directly. But I never like to be unkind to the ladies, unless they drive me to it-oh, never!" Saying this he began an examination of the apartment, proceeding in what, as I suppose, would be described by a "professional" as the "best style;" anyway, his movements were characterized by extroardinary celerity. Within a few minutes he had gone to the bottom of every drawer and box in the room, and also turned out the sofa-bedstead where Ned slept at night. A pretty litter he made of it all! But he had not yet discovered the secret of my footstool. Can any one imagine what I endured as I sat there, helpless as a poor little Chinese "joss,' to leave me alone, for, though I was | the cold perspiration of fear on my forehead, while I asked myself: "What

> will the fellow do next?' He turned round while proceeding with the search and, looking at me,

"Hallo, Poppet, how pale you are! Ain't going to faint, are you? Oh! don't faint, for I shall want you to talk to me a bit. I'll open the window and give you a mouthful of fresh air. This room is precious close.'

He went to the window-the window which dear Ted had cautioned me not to touch that morning-unfastened the catch and would have let down the upper part; but he was saved the trouble, for, the cord being broken, down, quick as a shot, came the window, and, as luck would have it, caught "I don't half like your being left his eight fingers tight between the upper and middle frames.

The pain and the shock must have been dreadful, the window-frame being a wide and very heavy one. He uttered Yes, and bring her baby, who a howl, then kicked frantically; but all was in vain. There he stood, with hands held aloft, caught in as nice a trap as could have been devised for an evil-door.

Then he glanced at me, and, the sight of me, "picter of good behavior" that I was, must have filled his soul with remorse, since through his own act I was rendered powerless to assist him. He whined, however.

"Can't you help me?" As it was impossible for me willingly to look on while a fellow-creature suffered such anguish as I knew he must be enduring, I used every effort me too firmly for that. He took to kicking again, and began to swear horribly. May I never again hear such language as I was forced to listen to that afternoon.

His hands soon swelled, and I saw some drops of blood trickle slowly down the panes, the rings he wore on his dirty fingers having been forced into his flesh. The piercing air, which rushed in freely through the aggravated his suffering. I know I was nearly frozen. And all this time the American clock on the mantelpiece kept ticking off the moments tranquilly, as though to assure me that time could not be hurried into a quicker pace by any consideration of human

ed," was the thought in my mind as I I Imagine what two hours in such a

situation meant for both of us! · I think the poor wretch at the window fainted; but the horrible dragging of his body on his poor maimed hands roused him directly. Trembling with cold and commiseration, I sat watching him, the tears rolling down my cheeks. Oh, why had I refused Ted's kind proposal to send Cousin Milly to me? Why had I been so captious about her dear little baby? Better a room full of babies, all doing their worst, than-But here I swooned, and fell, chair and all, on the rug before the cold

grate, the fire having died out long Just on the hour of three I became conscious of a dull thud below, which I knew to be a knock at the street door. I lay listening, but rather lay wondering vaguely what would happen next than taking any interest in things

manner to have floated away. After a moment I heard steps plodding up stairs, and a loud cheery voice, which I recognized as that of our old friend, Mr. Joy, the carpenter, called i

of this life, from which I seemed in a

"Hilloa! Anybody at home!" Coming to our room door, he knocked, and turned the handle, but of course found it locked. Being unable to speak, I yet tried to groan, and made some inarticulate noises, but I could hardly hope the old man heard them, as he was somewhat deaf. As for my companion in misfortune, one would suppose he would gladly have hailed a prison as an escape from such a plight as he was in, and so, no doubt, he would, only he had no choice at that moment, having gone off again in a heavy swoon.

I heard the carpentergo down stairs, and hopes of relief died away in my breast. Oh, Joy, Joy, why did you come to mock me thus? Two more hours probably before Ted will be home! Shall I be alive by then? My bound and aching limbs were on the rack of pain; I lay and sobbed miserably. But hark! A shout from the back garden!

"What the dickens is all this?"

Again I heard the voice of Joy. It appeared that the carpenter, on trying our room door and finding it fastened, concluded we were all out, but went around to the back of the house "to have a look at the winder" which my brother had sent him to mend-of course not expecting to find it converted into a man-trap. He had noticed while knocking at the door, that the parlor wiodow was unfastened, and, thinking it was unsafe especially as Mrs. Brown was out, he had used his privilege as our old friend and hers to get through and fasten it before coming: up stairs. No doubt the thief had entered the house by

It was not long before help came, and the door was broken open, when our misery was ended. I dare say, since prisons were first built, there never was a culprit who walked into jail more meekly than did the one who had intended to rob my brother.

They say the poor fellow's hands will never be right again; amputation may be necessary, as erysipelas is setting in. Well, all Doan say is, I freely forgive him for the suffering, mentaand bodily, he caused me.

I was in bed for a fortnight, but eventually got all right again. Dear Ted says I am a brick, but that may be his partiality. Anyhow, my footstool proved to be a very effective safe. To this hour no one knows about it but you, Ted and myself.

## M. D. Conway on England.

Mr. Moncure Di Conway has begun a series of lectures here on the various aspects of England, the first one of which was delivered a few days ago. Mr. Conway knows England about as well as America, having lived there for a number of years, and lived right in with the people. He has been as much interested in English movements as in American, and he has even started 'movements" of his own there. Now he has come back and settled in Brooklyn, where so many popular preachers go, and he is employing his leisure in giving the result of his English observations. He is a clever observer, and says a good many shrewdthings about England not altogether complimentary. He seems to have a good opinion of the Prince of Wales, and scouts the idea of the Princess of Wales not being a perfectly happy woman. He thinks that the prince is going to be the most popular ruler that England has had in many a long time, and he also thinks that the queen is one of the most unpopular. He admits that the prince is not a brilliant man, but he insists that he is a man of great cultivation at the same time. He says that he speaks a number of languages fluently, and that he is well informed on all subjects on which it is necessary for him to be informed; and he quoted one instance of a speech that the prince had made on the fisheries question. after the delivery of which Mr. Huxley turned to Mr. Conway and remarked that it showed as much and as thorough knowledge of the subject, as he should have expected from a scientific man. Mr. Conway said a good many things that I did not agree with, but that is not a fault in a lecturer. It is better to make his audience feel a little combative than to send them away simply pleased because they agreed with all that has been said. He was almost bitter in his remarks upon the diplomatic service, and seemed to think that a man could not be a man and be a diplomatist. He thought it was an unnecessary expense, and a very bad occupation for an American to spend his time at a foreign court; and he furthermore added that the newspapers were the best arbitrators, and that diplomats are unnecessary erward, I put it down to my imagi- wide apartment, must have greatly when we have journalists, which was very complimentary to journalists, but hardly true.—N. Y. Cor. Boston Saturday Gazette.

> congresses of the United States is ex-hibited in the window of a Chestnut Poore in Boston Budget.
>
> Self to be Taney simply.—Ben: Perley Duke passed on, leaving the astonished Bishop staring after the carriage. street store in Philadelphia.

A Bride and Groom in Trouble.

Those who read the following incident may think it amusing, but it was no laughing matter for the young couple who were the principal actors in it. It is possible some of the rethe agony of the young people than those who have been married a longer time. A correspondent writes: "A young and innocent-looking couple happy that his face glowed, and a brighter lustre seemed to have been given the cheap and very shiny black suit of clothes in which he was dressed. He had a white necktie, and black gloves with red and green stitching on the back.

"The young woman wore with manifest pride a drab poplin dress, plentifully besprinkled with white ribbon bows; her hands were in white cotton gloves; a white hat, with a white tissue veil bunched up all over it, and falling to her waist, was on her head.

"The county clerk knew very well what this style of costume indicated, and was not in the least surprised when the young man came forward and said, with a simper,-

"'I'd like-to-to-buy a marriage

cense. "'Yes,' said the clerk.

"'How much is it?" ".Three dollars."

"'Yes, that's what I thought, and I

"The smile on his round face gave way to an almost ghastly pallor, as he hastily drew his empty hand out of his

"'Why, I-I-put that pocketbook right in here!

'Every pocket was searched. The bride's face assumed an anxious expression by this time.

" 'Mother said I ought to pin my pocket up, or put my money in my hankcher,' he said as he stood before his bride a picture of distress.

"The bride's voice trembled, as she said, 'Can't you fi-fi-nd it anywhere, Jason?" "'No, Mandy, I can't' he said with a suggestion of tears in his voice.

'But I'vegot fivedollers more at home, and we'll come to town agin to-mor-" O Jason, don't you know it's a sign of death to dress for a weddin'

and then not git married?" "But I don't b'leeve in them fore signs, Mandy.' "'I do. Anyhow, what'll folks say

when we go back home no more mer ried than we was when we come away?" and she put her handerchief to her " 'Well, there's no use bellerin', Mandy,' said Jason, the tears in his

" 'And there's everybody invited to the weddin' party to our house tonight! I don't see what ever made you

go and lose that money! "'I couldn't help it, Mandy."

"'You ought to have been careful. Oh, dear! oh, dear!' "I thought I was careful, Mandy

Land knows I'm as crazy for this wed din' as you are!' ""Couldn't you-please-sir-Mr Clerk, couldn't you trust us for the li cense? We'll bring the money right in

of us to go back home as single as "The bride's tearful blue eyes and the elequence of her appeal were too much for the clerk. He hastily made out the license, becoming responsible for it himself, and the bride and groom

went away happy. "Before noon the next day the young Benedict came in with the three dollars and a whole basket full of 'fixin's' from the wedding-supper of the night before."-Youth's Companion.

## Illustrated Sermons.

New York Special.—The Rev. J. Benson Hamilton, the new pastor of the Cornell Memorial Methodist Episcopal charch, has preached his first sermon in his pretty church building. The title of his sermon was "How to Fill Empty Churches." The church was full of parishioners who wanted to hear what he had to say on the subject. Pastor Hamilton comes from. Rhode Island. A huge screen, hidden behind folds of crimson cloth, stood behind him as he rose to preach. His text was "He brought him to Jesus," and at two intervals in the discourse he turned about, drew aside the crimson folds and revealed two large pictures in bright colors illustrating the theme. Beside the screen stood a placard in large black letters inscribed with the different topics of the ser

Pastor Hamilton started out with the idea of preaching illustrated sermons on the same basis as the Sunday-school object lesson. The new experiment certainly took with his parishioners. Pastor Hamilton said that the oft repeated sneer and taunt of the anti-Christian caviller: "The theatre is full and the church is empty," could be answered only by the minister and the congregation making a personal effort to fill the

## Judge Taney and the ErrandBoy.

Among other traditions of the Government Printing Office at Washington is a story told about a boy sent with some proofslips of an important decision to Chief Justice Taney. He appeared at the office of dignified reply, "you wish to see the Chief Justice of the United States?" George Washington's own copy of senger would have gone off with them | tlemen term me the Duke de Roquethe acts of the First, Second and Third if the Judge had not admitted him- laire. Drive on, postillion." The

#### A Femenine Jehu.

The application of Peter Elehebarne of San Jose for letters of administration on the estate of Charlotte Parkhurst, in Santa Cruz county, has made public a remarkable story of a womcently married people who may read an's dual life. Early in the spring it may have a keener appreciation of of 1848 the people of Sandusky, O, were startled by the discovery that Miss Charlotte Parkhurst, only daughter of Frank Parkhurst, a prominent went shyly into the office of the citizen, had eloned with the town post-county clerk in our town. He was so master, during the night. The distracted father searched for his Lottie for months without success, and finally concluded she had come to an untimely death. A few years after this the California gold fever was at its height. Railroads were unknown. Stages were the only means at hand for transporting miners to different points in the gold fields and experienced drivers were in demand. Their perilous exploits with mustang teams were told in cabin and by the campfire. None of these bold pioneer stage drivers were oftener mentioned than young Charley Parkhurst. To know One-Eyed Charley, as he was called from the fact of having lost an eye in a fight with highwaymen, was to respect and admire him for his quiet, courageous character.

Tiring of stage driving, Parkhurst sought more congenial pursuits and was made time station agent for the stage company, when coaches plied between this city and Watsonville. At one time he was put in possession of and held a disputed tract of land now valued at \$20,000, when the struggle over the property was so bitter that only a brave, determined man was be-

lieved equal to the task of holding it. After an eventful career in California Parkhurst was found dead in bed at Watsonville on December 29, 1879. Then the startling fact was revealed that Charley Parkhurst was a woman. Subsequent investigations established beyond a doubt the identity of the famous jehu with Charley Parkhurst, the eloping belle of Sandusky. A singular circumstance is that until now, after the lapse of six years, no effort has been made either by public officers or friends of the woman to settle up the estate. She left no deed, and the exact value or description of her property seems to be shrouded in mystery .-- From a San Francisco dispatch.

Forces and Losses at Gettysburg.

General Meade, before the Committee on the Conduct of the War, March 5, 1863, said: "Including all arms of the service my strength was a little under 100,000 men-about 95,000. I think General Lee had about 90. 000 infantry, from 4,000 to 5,000 artillery and about 10,000 cavalry. I think the returns showed me, when I took command of the army, amounted to about 105,000 men; included in these were the 11,000 of Gen. French, which I did not bring up, which would reduce it down to 94,000. Of that 94,000 I was compelled to leave a certain portion in the rear to guard my baggage trains." It is estimated that Meade's force actually in battle was about 84,000 men. According to the testimony of General Meade, the to-morrow, and it'll make such fools artillery, which was unusually large on both sides, was pretty nearly balanced as to numbers. The Union loss was 23,190, of whom 2,884 were killed, 13,713 wounded and 6,643 missing. The Confederate loss, according to the American Cyclopedia, was 5,000 killed, 23,000 wounded and 8,000 unwounded prisoners—a total of 36,000. According to Greeley's "American Conflict" Lee's loss was estimated at 28,000, of whom 18,000 were killed and wounded, and 10,000 were unwounded prisoners. Johnson's Cyclopedia estimates Lee's loss at 31,-600-18,000 killed and wounded and 13,000 missing.

# Born on the Canal.

"That is the booking to New York?" inquired a young man with a queer shaped hat on his head and a drawl in his voice, as he stood before the ticket window of an Eastern railroad. "Seventeen dollars," said the ticket

'You, mean-aw-three poun' ten,

"No, I mean \$17. I don't know anything about your three poun' ten. Ticket. "Y-a-a-s, you may book me. But three poun' ten is too deuced much,

doncher know; too awfully much. Does that include me luggage? He was informed that his luggage would be carried, and started off to look after it with his one eyeglass elevated toward the roof of the sta-

tion house. "That chap must be an Englishman," remarked the ticket agent. "Englishman, the devil!" replied a brakeman, who chanced to be standing by. "I know that young

#### got rich buying hogs.-Chicago Herald. The Duite and the Bishop,

codfish. He was born on a canal boat

down here near Joliet, and his dad

The Duke de Roquelaire when traveling used a very mean equipage and dressed in a very shabby manner. Passing through Lyons in this guise he was observed by the bishop of the diocese, who was afflicted with an insatiable appetite for news. The Bishop, seeing a stranger traveler of mean appearance, thought he had only a plebian to deal with, and wishing to gratify his ruling passion, cried out the Chief Justice and asked him "Is "Hi! hi!" Roquelaire immediately Taney in?" "I presume," was the desired his postillion to stop, and the curious prelate, advancing to the carriage, demanded. "Where have you "I don't care a cuss about him. I've come from?" "Paris," was the curt got some proofs for Taney." "I am the Hon. Roger B. Taney." "You're Taney, aren't you?" "I am not, fellow. I am the Hon. Roger B. Ta-" "Green peas." "But what were the people saying when you came away?" "Vespers." "Goodness, man! who are ney." "Then the proofs are not for you? What are you called?' "Ignoyou," and the unceremonious mes- rant persons call me 'Hi! hi!" but gen-